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AND

## SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

"THE THINGS WHICH ARE SEEN ARE TEMPORAL; BUT THE THINGS WHICH ARE NOT SEEN ARE ETERNAL."

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### The Principles of Nature.

#### THE THEOLOGICAL CONCEPTION; ITS GROWTH, DEPENDENCIES, &C.\*

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##### THE RELATION OF JESUS TO THE HUMAN RACE.

IN VIEW of what has already been said, with some additional considerations relative to *first principles*, we may clearly and philosophically determine the true relations in which Jesus stands to the Human Race. That our conclusions upon this subject may have a broad and reliable basis, and may comport with the teachings of universal Nature, it would be well for us to glance cursorily at the general order and system of progressive development manifested in all departments of the divine creations and operations. The laws governing the progressive unfolding of the Human Race will then be distinctly obvious, and the great lights of the world, of which Jesus was a special example, will assume in our minds their natural positions in the system of human affairs. It is especially necessary that we should pursue the independent course of inquiry which we have proposed to ourselves, in order that our conclusions upon the subject before us may be unbiassed by the multifarious and conflicting, and therefore, for the most part, *necessarily erroneous* theories on the same subject, existing in the theological world.

Let it be observed, then, that all material creation presents a progressive series of *divergences* and *convergences*. The inductive mind will readily assent to the idea that in the beginning of the present system of universal formations, there was one infinite Fount of chaotic materials. This was one undistinguishable, indivisible UNITY, containing the materials from which all creations, from the most stupendous to the most minute, were subsequently formed. That the all-wise and infinite Mind who acted upon this mighty mass of chaotic substance to unfold it into forms, was (and is) also an indivisible UNITY, is an idea equally sanctioned by the intuitions of the expanded mind. Whatever *complete* creation, or system of creations, therefore, has been or will be subsequently unfolded, being an embodiment of the Love and Wisdom of the infinite and indivisible Mind which prompted and directed it, and being formed from the materials of the *united mass*, most necessarily of itself form a *corresponding unity*. But from the first Unity there was necessarily a *divergence* of parts that they might *converge* in other forms and relations, to form the second Unity,—and so on through all subsequent movements.

From the remotest depths of eternity, these progressive *divergences* and *convergences*, or these cycles of material formations and dissolutions, have ascended, until Man was formed as the *Ultimate* of all material creation, embodying within himself the refined essences and forces elaborated by all previous operations, and being physically an epitome of the whole Universe, which may be said to be his *Mother*, and spiritually of the Deity, who is his *Father*. These progressive cycles of formation and disso-

lution, or of convergence and divergence, of the same materials according to the same original principles, afford a sure foundation for the doctrine of a universal CORRESPONDENCE, as running in an unbroken manner through all creation, from the most ponderous globe which circulates through the veins and arteries of the *great Universe*, to the microscopic globe of blood which circulates through the veins and arteries of that *lesser universe*, the human system. All existing things that have attained to perfect organisms, together with their laws of movement and operation, are but *reproductions* of things which previously existed on a lower plane of development, and therefore in all general principles *correspond* to them; and the same may be said of all things which ever have existed or ever will exist.

We can not now farther dwell upon these points by way of illustration, nor is it absolutely necessary that we should do so, in order to establish the main position we have in view. Suffice it to say that the science of Geology teaches, to an absolute certainty, that previous to the introduction of man upon the earth, there were several distinct cycles or systems of material development. The first of these occurring after the solidification of the earth's surface, was Crystallization, or the Mineral Kingdom. Succeeding this, and formed by a *unity* of its refined and *divergent* particles, was the Vegetable Kingdom. Next in the order, and formed on the same principle, was the Animal Kingdom, ascending progressively from the lower radiata, or plant-like animals, to the highest animal forms, or those faintly resembling Man. At the very apex of this whole system of formation, a being was unfolded, (no matter at present by what process,) *uniting* and generalizing within himself all the instincts, faculties, loves, perceptions and other qualities, which the whole Animal Kingdom, in its progressive unfolding, had developed. This being was MAN. Man was therefore the *convergence* or *unity* of the refined essences of the whole Animal Kingdom, so widely divergent in its progressive growth from its parent and predecessor, the Vegetable Kingdom. By this harmonious combination, preceding *instincts* become REASON, and human personal identity, being the *ultimate* of all material development, a combination of all essences and forces existing in the whole Universe, and therefore not exposed to absorption by foreign essences, to enter into the composition of new entities,—is rendered capable of endless *perpetuity*, as it passes through its progressive spheres or cycles of refinement and expansion.

The materials of his being thus coming up through the progressive cycles of formation and re-formation, from the great chaotic Fount containing *all* materials, Man is not only the *Head* of the Animal Kingdom, but the *Head* of *all material things*. It is thus that God has placed him over the works of His hands; and being the *ultimate* of creation—the convergence of *all* divergences—it follows that whilst he is *physically* a child and image of the Universe, he is *spiritually* a child and image of the Deity.

Moreover, it is obvious that as Man, or the great Human Kingdom, is the *ultimate* and *highest* of all material development, there can be no room for that diversity of *species*, or of the essential elements of individual constitutions, which is found in the inferior Kingdoms. One individual, therefore, is a general and true representative of the whole Race; and the individuals of the whole Race, mutually related as they are by parallel fa-

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culties, loves, and interests, and therefore necessarily dependent upon each other, are as ONE INDIVIDUAL MAN. We have now discovered and established the basis upon which we must rest all our reasonings relative to the position of the Human Race amid other systems of creation, and respecting all things pertaining to the cycles of its progress.

As we find the same material essences in the human race that we find in all subordinate and previous developments, so we find that the same law of *convergence* and *divergence* is here manifested—the only difference consisting in the superior degrees of refinement. When the Human Race, (which we have shown to be in principle one grand Man,) was a *child*, it manifested within itself all the interior *unity* which is manifested among the elements of material and spiritual constitution in the *individual* child. All the members of the social body were at peace with each other, and deliberate contention was a thing unknown. Thus united as a single Man, Humanity was allegorically named ADAM; and its interior unity and innocence were represented by the peaceful abodes of a garden called EDEN. But the unity of the race at this period, was only a unity of instincts and affections: it was not a unity of well developed faculties, for such did not then exist.

But as the Race began to emerge from the period of infancy into adolescence, the intellectual faculties became gradually unfolded, and there was a corresponding desire to partake of the fruit of the tree of *Knowledge*. This desire sprang from the *love* or *impulse* principle of the human spiritual constitution, which is represented in the allegory by the figure of a woman called EVE. This desire to partake of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, is represented as being awakened to action by the promptings of a serpent, a figure generally used by oriental and prophetic writers, to represent wisdom perverted to subserve the purposes of selfish and spiritual pride, and its corresponding illegitimate domination.

And now the process of divergence and disunity first commenced in the human brotherhood, before peacefully united. Owing to a difference of inherent constitutions and a diversity of local circumstances, the intellectual faculties in individuals and families take different directions in their progressive unfoldings. Different, and in a greater or less degree, necessarily antagonistic, conceptions of the Deity, of human duty and human interests, arose as a natural consequence. In the conflicting desires of each to have his own views prevail, and his own interests advanced, knowledge took the form of mere *cunning*, and was used as an instrument of deceit and oppression. Thus man lost the peaceful Eden of unity and love in whose fragrant bowers he had spent the days of his childhood, and wandered forth in the innumerable paths of progress, whose frequent intersections were necessarily the scene of discord and strife. This divergence of the Race, like the divergence or dissolution of parts or particles in all other bodies, is called a *death*. Thus ADAM, or the infant Race, is represented as being told, "in the day thou eatest of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt surely die."

But this death, as are all other deaths, dissolutions, or divergences of particles, throughout Nature, was absolutely necessary to a higher state of existence. Had not man partaken of the tree of knowledge, he would, it is true, have remained in his infantile innocence and unity, but at the same time in infantile *ignorance*, *not knowing good from evil*, as the allegory clearly implies. In reality, therefore, this death or divergence was not a *fall* of man, as a theology destitute of philosophy has represented it to be; but it was merely incident to the efforts of component parts of the Race to ascend to higher planes of individual and social life, which efforts, not being directed by a duly developed *Wisdom*, were thus widely divergent. And according to universal and eternal laws which we have seen exemplified in all departments of inferior creation, there was an absolute cer-

tainty that these diverging elements would, after being duly refined and perfected, again converge, and form a more glorious Unity, which would be a *resurrection* of Humanity from the *death* which had befallen it. And as each individual, in his essential elements of spiritual constitution, represented the whole Race, and individuals all differed from each other in their specific degrees of refinement, there was also a natural certainty that some *individual member* of the Race would *first* grow to that state of unity within himself which would fitly represent the unity of the great universal Man, and thus serve as a *germ* from which the Tree of Social Unity and Life might grow up and extend its branches over the whole earth. For the consolation of those who yearned for the social peace and harmony which had been lost, and for the encouragement of those who loved and labored for the good of Humanity, it was early impressed upon some expanded mind that the "seed of the woman," or the offspring of that spirit which first sought the *knowledge of good and evil*, should "bruise the serpent's head," or inflict a *mortal wound* upon the tempter or the cause of all evil. And either from a direct perception of the law, or from coming in contact with spirits in a higher sphere of existence who *did* perceive it, David, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Zachariah, and other persons of expanded minds who subsequently lived, prophesied that one should come in the indefinite future, who should embody in himself all the principles of human unity, and who should hence "stand for an ensign," or rallying point, "of the people."

In due time, therefore, a man appeared in Jerusalem, answering all these prophetic expectations. This man was JESUS of Nazareth. In him, as we have already seen, the elements of humanity were perfectly *united and harmonious*, even as they had been in the great social Man, or ADAM, in the Eden state. He is therefore called the *second ADAM*, (1 Cor. xv: 45-47.) He stood at the very *apex* of the Human Race, uniting and harmonizing within himself all the superior qualities which the race had developed at that particular stage of its progress, and adding specific developments peculiar to himself besides,—even as the first ADAM stood at the apex of the *Animal Kingdom*, uniting and harmonizing within himself all the superior qualities which the Animal Kingdom had developed in its progressive unfolding, and adding other developments which distinguished him as MAN. As in ADAM, the Animal Kingdom in its *highest branch*, had grown to *Reason and Humanhood*, so in Christ the Human Kingdom in its *highest "BRANCH,"* (Zachariah vi: 12,) grew to *Intuition and Heavenhood*. As it was the office of ADAM to subdue the Animal Kingdom, and make it subservient to the rule of Man: (Gen. i: 26-28,) so it was the office of Christ to subdue the Human Kingdom, and make it subservient to the rule of Heaven; (1 Cor. xv: 24-28; Phil. ii: 9-11.) As in ADAM, the elements of humanity dissolved, diverged, or *died*, so in Christ those elements converged, re-united and *lived*. Having thus personally transcended all mental and spiritual *disunity* or *death*, by coming into conjunction with the invisible and *eternal* realities of a higher world; and having thus the kingdom of heaven *within* him, as he promised that it should be *within* others, (Luke xvii: 20, 21,) he said on one occasion, "*I am the resurrection and the life*," (John xi: 25.) Standing at the *highest point* of Humanity, he marked the *extreme growth* of Humanity at that particular stage of its progress. Humanity, whose *gestative* processes commenced when the fruit of the "tree of the knowledge of good and evil" was first eaten, and extended through all subsequent stages of development to full completion, had given him birth. He was therefore the "seed of the woman," and the "Son of Man," i. e., of Humanity, the latter being his *Mother*. And as in him the Earthly and the Heavenly were united, he is also called the "Son of God," the latter being thus in a *peculiar sense* his *Father*; and "to as many as received him gave he power to become the *sons of God*," even as he was himself, (John i: 12.) This manifests the *only sense* in which he could properly be called "the Son of God."



As we have shown that the Human Race forms a united Kingdom in Nature, and that being composed of mutually dependent individuals of an identical species, it therefore forms, in principle, one *grand Man*, it is manifest that Christ, who was the *highest member* of the great Body, uniting in himself all the refined essences ascending from its other parts, was the Head, or Sensorium, or *Mind*, capable of taking cognizance of the condition of all other parts, and gradually pervading and controlling them by the subduing influence of a wise volition. See again the evidence that Paul understood these ideas, in his Epistles to the Romans, Chap. xii: 4, 5; 1 Cor. xii: 12-27; Eph. i: 22; iv: 8-16, and many other places. But this "Head" of Humanity had grown to the spiritual, heavenly, and therefore *eternal*, while still *connected with the Body*: therefore he will continue to be connected with the Body, (or the Race) and to exercise a subduing and directing influence over it, while passing through all spheres of future being, or until the whole Body is entirely subdued and united. This he will do by pervading and directing susceptible and suitable minds in this sphere, as shown in our chapter on the "theology of Jesus." He will therefore be the *spiritual father* of every subsequent Christ or Messiah that will appear upon the earth, and one of which, according to principles which we have laid down, will *inevitably* appear, either in the person of an individual or in a group, at the close of every great cycle of human change; and the close of one cycle we trust will occur in the *nineteenth century*. Whether Isaiah had this view of the Messiah's paternity when he prophetically called him the "*everlasting father*," (Isaiah ix: 6,) we can not now take it upon ourselves to say.

We have thus given the views which have irresistibly flown into our mind, even, as we may say, *when we were not seeking for them*, concerning the true relation in which Christ stands to the Human Race. The evidence which has led us to these conclusions has not consisted in the authority of any thing that has been *written or believed* concerning Christ, save those *reliable statements* exhibiting the *spiritual unity and heavenliness* of his character. All the evidence aside from this, upon which we have relied, has consisted in the *eternal principles of Nature*, or the law of convergence and divergence, representing life and death, manifested in all things. It is seen, however, that the conclusions derived from this *independent process of reasoning*, are *precisely parallel* to all the essential things that were prophesied concerning Christ, and which were spoken of him by his most enlightened apostles, whom we may rationally suppose he taught, so far as possible, the true idea concerning his mission. The conclusions thus *undesignedly* harmonizing with the essential teachings of the prophets and apostles, are therefore, we think, doubly reliable.

All great prominent doctrines that have ever prevailed in the world, have had a *germ of truth* in them, and this is all that has sustained their existence for any length of time. By the foregoing remarks it may be seen how much truth there is in the doctrines grossly and imperfectly named the "*fall*" through Adam, and the "*regeneration*" through Christ. The grosser accompaniments of those doctrines, such as the placating of the wrath of the "Father," who is "*kind to the unthankful and the evil*," by the vicarious sacrifice of a good and even *Divine man*, will scarcely need a formal refutation in the mind of any intelligent person, free from hereditary theological bias.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

REFORMERS whose lives are clothed with an aspiring enthusiasm, wonder why men do not come into their ideas of right sooner; and believers in progress are often puzzled by seeing men retrograding; but they have not learned that in the eternity a day and a thousand years are alike. Nor have they made use of the lesson taught by the decomposition of matter, in its passage from one development to another. CHARLES WORTH.

## IMMORTALITY.

MR. EDITOR:—

My principal object in subscribing for the Rationalist, was to get some light, if I could, on the subject of immortality; but thus far, I am as much in doubt as ever. I can discover no evidence of its truth, from anything I have read in your paper, and I am confident I read attentively and with a sincere desire to solve a problem, which, the more I look into it, the further I am from a solution. Now you, Br. Fernald, are evidently a believer in immortality. I make no doubt of it. But why am not I? It is not because I do not wish to be, for I do wish it; but it is solely because I see no rational and satisfactory evidence of its truth. Let me give you, very briefly, my philosophy upon the mind, and if you will show me wherein it is wrong, you will remove my doubts, and at the same time make me your debtor for life.

I regard the mind, or soul, if you prefer the term, as necessarily and absolutely dependent on our organization, and that without it, there is no mind or soul;—that as organization takes precedence of the mind in point of existence, the latter is the effect of the former;—that as we have never known any manifestation of mind independent of organization, there is no good reason for supposing that the mind will exist beyond the organization, or after it is destroyed.

Can you explain away these difficulties? If you can, do set about it, for it is not in my power to clear them up. Don't tell me, however, as Theodore Parker does, that the belief of immortality is natural, or innate, and therefore true. I know better. If it be innate, I ought to have it as well as he; but I have not got it, while he has. Then, again, if it was natural, every body would have it; but I am not, by a great many, the only

DOUBTER.

In answer to the above, we would say, that the difficulty here presented is probably that which is most formidable in all minds who think philosophically of the soul's immortality. The position of the doubter is, simply, that mind and soul are dependent on the material organization; consequently, when the organization is destroyed, the mind and soul are destroyed. Now, the error in this reasoning is simply this. It is in not making any distinction between the material organization and the spiritual organization. They are both material, of course, but one is so much finer than the other, that the terms spiritual and material seem necessary in order clearly to distinguish the two. If any prefer the terms inner and outer, we have no objection, though, from association, spiritual and material seem most appropriate, after once being clearly defined.

Now, then, we have several admissions to make with "Doubter." 1. Mind and soul are dependent on organization. 2. Organization takes precedence of the mind, in point of existence, the latter being the effect of the former. 3. We have never known any manifestation of mind, independent of organization, consequently, there is no good reason for supposing that mind will exist beyond the organization, or after it is destroyed.

But, fourthly, *the organization never is destroyed!* And this is the great fact on which we predicate the immortality of the soul. The outer and material organization is destroyed, but the inner and spiritual never. And it is for the want of this distinction that men—earnest and sincere men, are continually overlooking the great ground of future, individual existence.

But now comes a great point of proof. Are there two organizations? and if so, what proof have we that one is destroyed, and the other is not? I cannot promise to make this so logically clear to doubters, as to free them from all doubt, because it is a fact which is not put forth in presumption, that the mind must grow up to something of an appreciation of its immortality, before it can fully comprehend the argument put forth to sustain it. No philosophical mind can object to this requirement

"Doubter" says—"The belief of immortality is not natural or innate, because, if it is, he ought to have it as well as others; but he has not got it." But this, surely, is no proof of the non-innateness or unnaturalness of ideas or faith. It is only proof that the person has not yet grown up to an appreciation of such reality, or that the idea or faith has not yet expanded in him, but exists only in germ. The child of a week old has no idea of mathematics, or poetry, or metaphysics, or even goodness, truth and beauty. It has instincts only. But as he grows up, even could we suppose him left without any education, we cannot suppose him incapable of some ideas or faith, which are perfectly natural. I trust that no one here will stop to metaphysicise any farther on innateness of ideas, in distinction from innate *inclination* to ideas. The argument does not require it. Besides, the natural *inclination* to faith in immortality is sufficient for the purposes of growth. It simply shows that the thing is not unnatural,—that because some have not got it, it follows not that when others have, it is not of nature, any more than because a child has no idea of faith in beauty and goodness, *such* a state is unnatural. It only proves that the person or persons have not yet grown up to it, or it is not expanded in their minds.

Now, then, I say, a person *must* have grown up to something of an appreciation of this truth (the fuller, the better) before logic can have its full effect upon him. And a philosophical mind, I am sure, will not object to this position. He may apply it in a thousand cases.

Now, if "Doubter" be of this character, (and if he is, it proves nothing concerning a noble and beautiful expansion in all other directions,) it cannot be expected my argument *alone* will produce much effect upon him. But I will try, prompted by the purest motives of good and truth. There are hundreds of thousands, even among Christians, precisely in his condition.

I have spoken, then, of the internal and external organization. To be sure, this phraseology may be objected to. Man is one. He is one organization. His spiritual body is joined to his material body, so that there is one body. So is the butterfly in the caterpillar. So is the folded rose in the bud. So is caloric in all substances. To be sure, the butterfly is not a butterfly while only the worm exists, the rose is not a rose while the bud is unblown, and caloric in any given form of substance, is caloric in that individual form no longer, when that form is destroyed. But I put forth these as illustrations only, not as arguments. My simple idea is, that when I speak of two bodies of man, I have reference to two states of existence. Let us only *suppose* the second state, in order to make the argument. Let us put it forth as an hypothesis. It is a sort of sum in moral arithmetic, corresponding to what is known in common arithmetic, as the rule of "Position." Let us then simply *suppose* a second state of existence for man. Now when I speak of two bodies, I have reference to two states of being. With reference to this world alone, the body is one—a union of a refined interior organization, with a gross, external, fleshy body. But let us not be blinded by terms. Call it, if you please, one body, one organization, and *only* one. Now the question is, does it all die? Ah! that is the very question. My position is that it does not—only the outer part grows cold and dead, and finally crumbles away, because the inner part—its life and soul, has departed from it. But how do I know this, or believe this?

It is a truth, then, demonstrable even to the external senses, that all outward forms are simply the results of internal essences as their causes. Take a rose. It is an unfolding of matter in a most beautiful form. But of course there must be some interior principle to *cause* its unfolding. Call it anything you will. Call it energy. Call it electricity. There must be *something*. But perhaps you will say, it was the power and motion of the matter itself. Well, indeed, so it was, *some* matter, but it was not the rose leaves, nor the stem, nor in fact that very rose. The rose did not develop *itself*. There was no rose till it was developed. It was, then, some matter that existed before

the rose did, that developed the rose; this is plain. It was not mere motion operating on nothing. This cannot be conceived. It was not motion operating on the rose. The rose had not existed. It must have been, then, motion in some previous matter. But the gross earth did not unfold the rose. Mere vegetable matter did not unfold it. What did? We all know that matter goes on refining and refining, till a well known substance called electricity is produced. All matter is reducible to a gaseous state, and electricity is about the highest condition of matter we can conceive of. Now let us suppose (and if "Doubter" will *not* suppose, he must be very *unwilling* to believe,) a quality of electricity really unfolded that rose. I do not say that it did, distinctly and alone, but let us suppose it. This, then, was the interior essence or cause, of which the outward form of the rose is the effect. Now this is true, in a similar manner, with *all* forms. They are simply the effects of internal operating essences as their causes. It is the same with the animal, it is the same with man.

The human form is the result of something that existed before it. It is the effect of a cause. That cause is interior to the form. And it is *something*. It is not mere motion operating on nothing. That cannot be conceived. It is the motion of a refined matter which developed the grosser, outward form. The spirit of man, then, existed before the body, and developed the body. It did not exist as a perfect, full-formed spirit, but only as a germ; and it developed itself as it developed the body. *Mind* did not exist (individual mind in this instance) until the form and organization were completed. But the germ of the spirit did, and then the more perfected form of the spirit, till at last the internal essence clothed itself in a perfected human form, and man stood complete in soul and body. (I am speaking now, of course, of the first men, not of after propagation.)

Now I say, that soul, or internal principle, or spiritual organization, can never be destroyed. The flesh which it has gathered round it may be, but that is only the outer part. The inner inner existed before it, and is not dependent upon it. This is the grand error of the sceptical argument. It exactly reverses the order of things. There is no *mind* before the organization, but there is spirit or soul, and when this spirit or soul is fully organized, then there is mind and thought. Be it remembered that both the spiritual organization, and the fleshy, grow together, but the spiritual is not dependent on the material, it exists before it, and does not therefore necessarily die with it. In fact, the spirit is the proper man. It is in the form of the man. It exists in him, not in any particular locality, but throughout, as water exists in a sponge. It has developed its material covering, and it is only when that covering, being worn out, or diseased, is insufficient to sustain itself, that the spiritual organization, which was in fact the man himself, escapes by natural process to a surrounding, higher, more spiritual sphere.

So the organization is never destroyed, consequently the soul and mind are never destroyed. The soul, in fact, is the most important organization.

It may sound strange to many readers, especially to some who consider themselves, and are considered by others, most learned and spiritual, to talk of the soul as an organization, but on this subject we quote from Professor Bush, in one of his notes in a number of the "Memorabilia of Swedenborg."

"To suppose (says he) a human spirit void of a human form and senses, is to annihilate the very idea of spirit; for as every essence has its proper form, and every form its own essence, (they being necessary correlatives,) so every spirit has its body suited to the world it belongs to, according to that distinction laid down by the apostle: 'There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body;' and indeed, it is as rational to conclude that a human spirit should have a human organized body, endued with spiritual senses in a spiritual world, as that the same spirit should be invested with a material, organized body with natural senses in this natural world. It is to be lamented, and the



more for its tendency to promote infidelity, that many of the learned, so called, have in a manner defined and refined spiritual nature into nothing, by divesting it of substantiality, to which it has a more particular right by far than matter; nor is the body of an angel less substantial, in a proper sense of the word, than a solid rock, though not according to the condition of material nature. Upon the whole, the common ideas of the vulgar and illiterate come much nearer to the truth and reality of heavenly things, than the vain conceits of such speculating sciolists."

The soul, then, is a substantial organization of most refined spiritual substance, not depending on the body, but the body depending on it, for its formation and being. This is the true position. Now this organization, we have said, is never destroyed. I am aware that the potent question—*why not?* still remains to be answered.

We give, then, this reason:—Because the soul or spirit of man is a combination and perfection of all form and substance: or, it is an individualization, for the first time on this earth, of all the substances, qualities, and refined essences in all Nature,—at least, of all that nature which belongs to earth. How do we arrive at this? The position is capable of very much illustration and proof, but it may be briefly settled, I think, by attention to a few generals. We all know that the mineral Kingdom is first in the order of Nature, then the vegetable, then the animal. Now, the animal forms are more perfect than the vegetable, as the vegetable are more perfect than the mineral. Among the animals, the higher class of quadrumania are of course more perfect than the lower. Each is perfect in its species or order, but the higher are more perfect, being higher. Man is the most perfect of all. He is the embodiment of all beauty and symmetry. Now, the higher forms are always the receptacles of the higher substances. Mineral matter is of a lower and grosser nature than vegetable composition, and so are the forms of minerals lower and more rudimental than vegetable forms. Vegetable matter is less refined than animal matter, and so are the forms of the vegetable Kingdom lower and more rudimental than animal forms. Animal matter again, is an ascension from vegetable matter, and so are the forms of animals more beautiful and perfect than any of the vegetable world. Man stands at the head of animated nature. Consequently he is the *perfection* of all form and substance. All the lower forms flow into him, and he is a combination and perfection of the three kingdoms of Nature. He is a microcosm. He is an epitome of the universe. The ancients possessed this idea, and possessed it truly.

But some may ask—what evidence have we that man still is not a partial embodiment of the forms and substances of Nature? How are we sure that he is the fulness and perfection of the whole—the crown of creation—that there may not be another ascension, a higher order of being, proving that man is *not* the perfection of all form and substance? We answer, we have no *doubt* that there may yet appear on the face of this earth, a higher order of *man*,—a race, in some unknown period of the world's future, to which all the glories of the present humanity may be brought into comparative obscurity. Indeed, some scientific authors, speaking from a mathematical argument on the apparent breach in the circle of human life to which man belongs, have proposed the question concerning our own race as but the *initial* of the grand crowning type,—a species superior to us in organization and power, of purer feeling, of nobler aspirations and uses, "which shall complete the Zoological circle on this planet, and realize some of the dreams of the purest spirits of our race."

But we have no reason to believe that there will be any thing more than *man*; man of a higher order, but still man. For, consider, how uniformly he now exists, how different from the varying species of the lower animals. Look abroad, and you see all *varieties* of forms among the animals, from the insect to the orang-outang. To speak in homely, unscientific phrase; you see dogs,

horses, elephants, apes, &c. Look among men, and you do not see any such variety. You see but man, of "form erect, and godlike front divine." For an immense and unmeasured period of time, you still see man, varying by degree of perfection only, not by difference of species. The conclusion is, this is the ultimate ascent of Nature. Man is the head. Form can progress no higher, in essentials, and of consequence, substance is all embodied in him, the most refined essences, indeed *all* essences, qualities, and substances, have ascended through all inferior nature, and produced their ultimate in Man. Man thus is the image of God. Man is a microcosm—a miniature universe.

Now, then, he retains his immortality on this principle. His spiritual organization *cannot* be destroyed. It is even a *chemical* argument. For, behold the analogies of material and spiritual nature. Chemists will tell you, as we said in a late number of the "Rationalist," that particular kinds of matter will unite with each other, and cohere, according as there is an affinity. Iron and wood will not mingle, at least in our common chemistry, but many minerals and other substances will. Now suppose you have two kinds of matter united in a chemical affinity. The way that we should analyze and separate would be thus:—We should throw into our crucible containing this matter, a third substance, which had a greater affinity for one of the two than for the other, and this would cause a disunion and a new re-union. But now, if we have got a matter that contains *all* matters—a perfect combination and individualization of all the substances, essence and qualities of Nature, in perfect proportion, how shall we proceed to separate this? Alas! Nature has now triumphed over all our power. This last body is immortal! There is nothing to be added, nothing to be taken away. And this is the case with the individualized spirit of man. This perfect and finished structure—this crowning work of the great laboratory of Nature, is a compacted unity of all. Now let death come and threaten dissolution. Let the old destroyer try his best at the work of separation. He may separate the soul from the body but dissolve the soul he cannot. Alas, there can be no such thing in Nature. The chemistry of God is too strong for him! The different parts of this spiritual body, being a perfect whole, made of all the parts, now have a greater affinity for one another than for any thing else around; (like two matters in chemical union before a dividing substance is thrown in;) so that, when the outward body fails or falls, the spiritual body cannot be absorbed or attracted away into anything else. It coheres by pure affinity. It is not so with any lower organization. When an inferior animal, or a vegetable dies, there not being a perfection and unity of all form and substance, the whole structure is absorbed into the surrounding matter, and so is all disorganized. Man retains his immortal identity on strictly philosophical principles. And at the death of the material vestment, the organized spirit, invisible, as unorganized electrical matter is, but real as that too, escapes by a process purely natural, and gravitates to a congenial clime in the surrounding heavens, or spiritual spheres of immensity.

As to the locality of the spiritual world, it may be made the matter of a separate article. It does not need much pertinent remark. Suffice it to say, we are in it now, in a manner, for does not my spirit exist? It is only the material vestment which chains me to this gross sphere, but were the veil torn way, or the spirit less sensualized, we could even see, as many fine spirits have seen, the glories and beauties of that mystic world.

Now, I know not what impression I have made on the mind of my correspondent, or on others. As before said, the spirit must *grow up* to something of an appreciation of this truth, before mere logic can produce its full effect. It is not unreasonable to ask a cultivation of these feelings for this purpose. But I will ask "Doubter," and every other like him—Do you not feel impressed? Are not your thoughts elevated? Is not Reason set upon a more promising track? Do you not *feel* something of

your spirit's life and continuity? Can as much be said for the opposite view? At all events, is not this reasoning more congenial to the soul, and is not that presumptive proof of the truth of it? Does it not, after all, seem to affect the innateness of the ideas, or truth, or inclination to faith in the mind, and after careful consideration, does it not encourage you to go on?

This is as much as we can hope to do with mere intellectual reasoning. There is a higher ground for faith than this, not to be slighted because it is not susceptible of moral demonstration. It is the soul's actual life in approximation to the immortal sphere. It is mental verity. It is—what cannot be expressed but to kindred minds—soul-sensing, spiritual reality.

But I refrain. There is another species of evidence to those who cannot sympathize with the last remarks, and that is, the argument founded on many psychological facts which have been presented both in the "Rationalist," and the "Univercælum." I cannot renew this argument here; I must conclude, for the present, in expressing my most fervent desire for the acquaintance with all such spirits as need their doubts removed, or who sympathize with me.

W. M. F.

## ORIGIN OF THE UNIVERSE.

Philosophy has endeavored to account for the origin and formation of this globe on principles of Nature and Reason; while theology has put forth every effort to sustain the opinions entertained by primitive generations, and sanctioned by theological authority. Scientific philosophy has indisputably demonstrated the immutability of natural laws, the immortality of Truth, and the unchanging nature of all principles governing the Universe. And thought has partially lifted the veil that has so long concealed the truth from the minds of the world; and this has been done by *thought* alone, the most exalted faculty belonging to the human mind.

Nevertheless, general truth has been arrived at by pursuing curved lines through the mythology and superstition of every age and nation. The lines that lead to truth unmingled with error, however, are perfectly *straight*; and these, if pursued, lead gradually beyond the realms of darkness and ignorance that may have environed the mind of the traveler; and every step that is taken, ushers him into a more beautiful light. And thus he approaches Truth by the light of Reason and the unchanging laws of Nature; and when he arrives at the Truth, he finds himself surrounded with grandeur and magnificence that can be conceived of and appreciated only by one who has the supreme love of eternal Truth dwelling within him.

The mythological opinions of primitive nations have been gradually and imperceptibly modified, as knowledge has been unfolded in the minds of mankind. And these modifications have been so imperceptible to each subsequent generation, that the nineteenth century only unfolds a true conception of the change, by its contrast of truth, and light, and knowledge, with the ignorance and superstition of the extreme ages of antiquity.

[PRINCIPLES OF NATURE.

THE road to character and fame, once so narrow as to admit only the few, is open now to all. The common gifts of providence are possessed by all. These are distributed with an equal hand, by God, through all ranks and grades of society. Poverty can not destroy them, nor can wealth confer them. They spring up amid discouragements and difficulties, and, like the power of steam, acquire new elasticity by pressure. And the honors to which their proper cultivation lead, are open to all.

[N. MURRAY.

THE true life of the soul is prefigured in the healthy body. Like the unconscious, involuntary beatings of the heart, and motions of the lungs, are the steps and deeds of progress in the high world.

[CHARLES WORTH.

## Psychological Department.

### DREAMS.

DREAMS can be procured by whispering in the ears when a person is asleep. One of the most curious as well as authentic examples of this kind has been referred to by several writers. I find the particulars in a paper by Dr. Gregory, and they were related to him by a gentleman who witnessed them.

The subject of it was an officer in the expedition to Louisburgh, 1758, who had this peculiarity in so remarkable a degree that his companions in the transport were in the habit of amusing themselves at his expense. They could produce in him any kind of a dream, by whispering into his ear, especially if this was done by a friend, with whose voice he was familiar. At one time they conducted him through the whole progress of a quarrel, which ended in a duel; and when the parties were supposed to be met, a pistol was put into his hand, which he fired, and was awakened by the report. On another occasion they found him asleep on the top of a locker, or bunker, in the cabin, when they made him believe he had fallen overboard, and exhorted him to save himself by swimming. They then told him that a shark was pursuing him, and entreated him to dive for his life. He instantly did so, with such force as to throw himself entirely from the locker, upon the cabin floor, by which he was much bruised, and awakened of course.

After the landing of the army at Louisburgh, his friends found him asleep in his tent, much annoyed by the cannonading. They then made him believe that he was engaged, when he expressed great fear, and showed an evident disposition to run away. Against this they remonstrated, but at the same time increased his fears by imitating the groans of the wounded and dying: and when he asked, as he often did, who were down, they named his particular friends. At last they told him that the man next himself in the line had fallen, when instantly he sprang from his bed, rushed out of his tent, and was aroused from his danger and his dream together by falling over the tent ropes. A remarkable circumstance in this case was, that after these experiments, he had no distinct recollections of fatigue; and used to tell his friend that he was sure he was playing some trick upon him. A case entirely similar in its bearing is related in Smellie's Natural History, the subject of which was a medical student in the University of Edinburgh.

A singular fact has been observed in dreams which are excited by noise, namely, that the same sound awakens the person, and produces the dream, which appears to him to occupy a considerable time. The following example of this has been repeated to me: A gentleman dreamed that he had enlisted as a soldier, joined his regiment, deserted, was apprehended, carried back, tried, condemned to be shot, and at last carried out for execution. After the usual preparations, a gun was fired; he awoke with the report, and found that a noise in the adjoining room had produced both the dream and awakened him. The same want of the notion of time is observed in dreams from other causes.

Dr. Gregory mentions a gentleman who, after sleeping in a damp place, was for a long time liable to a feeling of suffocation whenever he slept in a lying posture, and this was always accompanied by a dream of a skeleton, which grasped him violently by the throat. He could sleep in a sitting posture without any uneasy feeling; and after trying various experiments, he at last had a sentinel placed beside him, with orders to wake him whenever he sunk down. On one occasion he was attacked by the skeleton, and a long struggle ensued before he awoke. On finding fault with his attendant for allowing him to lie so long in such a state of suffering, he was assured that he had not lain an instant, but had been awakened the moment he began to sink. The gentleman, after a considerable time, recovered from the affection.

## Poetry.

## MOTHER MARGARY.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELUM,  
BY GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

On a bleak ridge from whose granite edges  
Sloped the rough land to the grizzly North,  
And where hemlocks clinging to the ledges  
Like a thin'd banditti straggled forth,  
In a crouching, wormy-timbered hamlet  
Mother Margary shivered in the cold,  
With a tattered robe of faded camel  
On her shoulders, crooked, weak and old.

Time on her had done his cruel pleasure,  
For her face was very dry and thin,  
And the records of his growing measure  
Lip'd and cross-lined all her shrivelled skin.  
Scanty goods to her had been allotted  
Yet her thanks rose oftener than Desire,  
While her bony fingers bent and knotted  
Fed with withered twigs the dying fire.

Raw and dreary were the northern winters,  
Winds howled pitiless around her cot,  
Or with long sighs made the jarring splinters  
Moan the misery she bemoaned not.  
Drifting tempests rattled at her windows  
And hung snow-wreaths round her naked bed,  
While the wind-flaws muttered o'er the cinders,  
Till the last spark struggled and was dead.

Life had fresher hopes when she was younger,  
But their dying wrung out no complaints,  
Cold, and Penury, and Neglect, and Hunger,  
These to Margary were guardian saints.  
Of the pearls which one time were the stamens  
'Neath the pouting petals of her lips,  
Only four stood yet, like swarthy Brahmins  
Penance-parted from all fellowship;

And their chatter told the bead-roll dismal  
Of her grim saints, as she sat alone,  
While the tomb-path opened down abysmal,  
Yet the sunlight through its portal shone.  
When she sat her head was prayer-like bending,  
When she rose it rose not any more,—  
Faster seemed her true heart graveward tending  
Than her tired feet, weak and travel-sore.

She was mother of the dead and scattered,—  
Had been mother of the brave and fair,—  
But her branches bough by bough were shattered,  
Till her torn heart was left dry and bare.  
Yet she knew,—though sorely desolated,—  
When the children of the Poor depart,  
Their earth-vestures are but sublimated,  
So to gather closer in the heart.

With a courage which had never fitted  
Words to speak it to the soul it blest,  
She endured in silence and unpitied,  
Woes enough to mar a stouter breast.  
There was born such holy Trust within her  
That the graves of all who had been dear,  
To a region clearer and serener  
Raised her spirit from our chilly sphere.

They were footsteps on her Jacob's-ladder;  
Angels to her were the Loves and Hopes  
Which had left her purified but sadder,—  
And they lured her to the emerald slopes  
Of that Heaven where Anguish never flashes  
Her red fire-whip, happy land whose flowers  
Blossom over the volcanic ashes  
Of this blighted, blighting world of ours.

All her power was a love of Goodness,  
All her wisdom was a mystic faith  
That the rough world's jargoning and rudeness  
Turns to music at the gate of death.  
So she walked while feeble limbs allowed her,  
Knowing well that any stubborn grief  
She might meet with, could no more than crowd her  
To the wall whose opening was Relief.

So she lived an anchoress of Sorrow  
Lone and peaceful on the rocky slope,  
And, when burning trials came, would borrow  
New fire of them for the lamp of Hope.  
When at last her palsied hand in groping  
Rattled tremulous at the gated tomb,  
Heaven flashed round her joys beyond her hoping,  
And her young soul gladdened into bloom.

## HYMN FROM THE INNER LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELUM,  
BY T. H. CHIVERS, M. D.

How long before the bloody sweat of anguish,  
Bathing my marble brow, shall cease to flow?  
Or cease my soul in this dark world to languish,  
Waiting for that which Earth can never know?  
This is the burden of my song,—  
"How long, Oh Lord! how long?"

How long before our souls, like ministering angels,  
Shall do each other deeds of heavenly love,  
By acting out the Lord's divine evangels,  
Doing God's will on earth as it is done above?  
This is the burden of my song,—  
"How long, Oh Lord! how long?"

How long before the world shall know its duty—  
Man treat Man right—right take the place of wrong—  
Truth, clad in garments of supernal beauty,  
Triumph o'er Error that has grown so strong?  
This is the burden of my song,—  
"How long, Oh Lord! how long?"

Oh! for the dawn of Heaven's immortal morning!  
The tardy breaking of the everlasting day,  
That all heaven's hills above are now adorning,  
But darker makes the earth around my way!  
This is the burden of my song,—  
"How long, Oh Lord! how long?"

Then shall Man's soul be bathed in blissful wonder,  
Hearing Heaven's choral shouts burst through the sky,  
God's Scripture rolling down in rhythmic thunder  
Out of the diapason of the stars on high.

Though slander drive her rank'ling stings,—  
Though malice all her venom brings—  
Though festering darts of detraction fling—  
Still must the storm pass o'er



# THE UNIVERCÆLUM

## AND

### SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

EDITED BY AN ASSOCIATION.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1848.

#### TO THE FRIENDS OF THE UNIVERCÆLUM.

THE present Number, as it will be perceived, commences a new volume, and the second year, of our publication. We have no time or room at present, to devote to a review of the past history of our enterprise, nor do we deem it necessary to recount the difficulties and embarrassments necessarily attendant upon the establishment of a journal of the peculiar character of our own. Suffice it to say that the multifarious obstacles which limited resources, and the combined unfavorable circumstances of the outer world, have thrown in our way, have been, to a considerable extent, overcome; and with the experience of the past, and in view of the brightening prospects of the future, the *Univercælum* may be considered as permanently established. It is, however, not yet beyond the pressing need of assistance from its friends, nor of all the exertions there can possibly be made to extend the list of its subscribers. The publication is more expensive than ordinary journals of its size, owing to the extra care that is bestowed upon it, and the small amount of *standing matter* in its columns; and the alacrity with which it will be conducted, and the vigor of its tone and interest of its pages, will necessarily be in some degree commensurate with the support which it receives from the public. We need, therefore, only express our earnest desire that *all* who feel any interest in the principles of which it endeavors to be a faithful advocate, will do something in the way of extending its subscription list—not merely for the abstract purpose of *supporting* the paper, but for the purpose of introducing others to its principles. There is, perhaps, scarcely an individual among our patrons, in the sphere of whose acquaintance there is not one person or more who would not be pleased with the weekly visit of such a journal as ours. Let each one, therefore, make all proper exertions to add such persons to our list; and the cause in which we are all so deeply interested will thereby be greatly advanced, and the *Univercælum* will be invigorated, placed beyond all embarrassment, and will go on its way rejoicing in the increased evidence of due appreciation.

#### A SPIRITUALIZING INFLUENCE.

THERE is almost always a subduing, refining, and spiritualizing influence emanating from the seeming evils of physical affliction. Under the silent influence of many diseases, the material temple is made, as it were, to crumble and fall piece by piece, to the earth; but under the same quiet influence the indwelling spirit—the immortal mind, unfolds its delicate and youthful proportions, day by day, and hour by hour, until it is prepared to tread the sunny paths, to inhale the fragrant odors, and to associate with the radiant inhabitants of the superior country. Disease is a strange and unnatural process by which to subdue and purify, and bring the soul into conjunction with the superior and eternal; but it is a revolutionizing ordeal, and in this sense should ever be regarded as a blessing, and sustained with patience and composure.

To-day you may be strong, and cruel, and unsympathizing; to-morrow you may be weak, and kind, and generous. An imperceptible cause may perpetuate your more slight affliction into a low, lingering prostrating fever; you can receive no nourishment into your stomach; you can scarcely turn to the right or

left; unless a kind and sympathizing hand is there to assist, you can only remain on your back—your face toward heaven—and trace the shape, and size, and color, and position of the various objects in the room. The quilts—their various folds, the bed posts—their size, height and irregularities, the curtains—their colors, and half invisible shadows upon the walls; the chairs, the garments that were last worn; the cane that was the companion of the last ramble, which is historically traced and retaken to the minutest detail—you can only lie and muse on these and other things. Perhaps you would sleep now. But no, your heart is trembling, your brain is hot and active—the fever is increasing—the body is feeding upon itself. There—what is that? a ticking! Remember that only a few days ago—or weeks, perhaps—you were strong, fearless, mirthful; but now you recollect the stories and instances of childhood, concerning the signs, symptoms, sensations, and portents of death. The ticking! Yes, you think, you *know* it is the death-watch—an insect that ticks away the hours and minutes of your rudimental existence. You must change—a little longer, and you feel you will reside on earth no more.

The individuals who wronged and injured you months ago, are remembered, numbered, and gloriously forgiven. Oh, if you could only have been so calm when you came in contact with them, how clearly you could have pointed out the influences and misunderstandings which caused the conflict, and what you were moved to consider intentional injury and unkindness! The individuals you have wronged—Oh, some foreign spirit prompted you!—you could not do so now—you are calm—you are very sick—you love them now! You know that, if they feel unkindly toward you now, the hour will come when the spiritualizing influence of disease, or prospective transformation, will enable them to forgive you as you have forgiven them.

Such are the beautiful results of some physical afflictions. While the body is eating up and destroying itself, the good, the true, and the beautiful, unfold themselves in the soul and bless the philosophical sufferer. Perhaps the inward senses will be opened,—if so, what glorious forms and scenes will break upon the vision. An acquaintance from the superior country may stand by the bed side. The real realities of the spiritual existence will move you to expressions of joy. This acting upon the physical will indicate pain to natural eyes; but the body is worn out and incomplete, and outer life is no longer possible nor desirable. You break the now slender fetters which hold you down. Now you ascend above the earth—you stand superior to it,—and from the passions, and conflicts, and temptations, and the innumerable misdirections of this earthly life you arise to a more immediate association with the good, the wise, and the Divine.

This strengthens the belief that what is termed evil develops good; and what is termed disease sometimes unfolds numerous blessings and advances the mind to holiness and elevation.

A. J. D.

THE ARTICLE in our last week's number entitled "THE PALATE, ITS STRUCTURE AND DISEASES," is one of the series being prepared by A. J. Davis. His name as connected with it, was accidentally omitted. We will say in this connection that Bro. Davis' attention for the present is mainly absorbed by the subjects of physiology and general medical science, and that he intends in course of a few months, to give to the world a book on these subjects. Our readers, however, will occasionally hear from him on other subjects of interest and practical importance

W. F.

NOTICE.—Hereafter all communications intended for the columns of this paper, and all letters on business, regarding its interests, should be addressed "UNIVERCÆLUM." The private and personal correspondence of the several Editors, alone, should be superscribed with the name of the individual to whom it is addressed.

S. B. S.



## RELIGION OF NATURE.

WE must consider ourselves a part of the Universe. Seated in my chair, and with such a contemplation, what care I for any specialities of religion that cannot be reconciled with natural things? I have not to trouble myself about such matters. I find myself related to Nature, to this planet, to my fellow-men, my interests at one with their interests, and theirs with mine, and it should be my only object to perfect the connection. This is all I have to do. Great injury is it, to suppose man's highest interest lies without this simple sphere, in some mystery of religion, or of faith, which is set forth as a speciality above Nature. As well might the planets, supposing them conscious, set to work to find out their higher duty in departing from their regular course. Or as well might the planets, or the animals, set out to have a religion according to laws not recognized in their respective kingdoms. And what a curious and confused scene would present itself to see a convocation of animate and inanimate nature, not recognising gravitation, chemical affinity, capillary attraction, and electrical influences, as their supreme laws and highest interests, but setting out to find some higher and sublimer matter wherewith to dignify their nature! So diminutive and unwise seemeth human nature, in its attempts to get out of and away from itself. We must consider ourselves a part of the Universe. Our fellow-man is our associate planet. The human family is the higher nature. The laws of our being are moral gravitation, affinities, and all kinds of finer and spiritual attractions. Simple goodness, then, is our highest religion. What we want, is, to make men feel their natures. Every attempt to divert them from this is fraught with evil. Men never will love one another, associate on terms of justice and harmony, make it their highest aim to seek out and remove the miseries of the world, till they feel this simple attraction. After all the plants and planets are our highest teachers; they taught Jesus, and they should teach us. Teach man that he is a part of a connected whole, and that nothing else concerns him, and assuredly he will go about seeking his place. Teach all men so, and you have about accomplished the work of their unity. Human charities and little goodnesses would spring up like grass. On the contrary, teach them to rely on some speciality out of and above the race—some great thing done once, and done forever, for which Nature is not at all accountable, and you strike men with moral paralysis. You bewilder them. They wait, then, for that great thing. They rely on it for unreasonable aid.

We must consider ourselves, I say, a part of the Universe—a part of Nature—a part of the unbounded system of things. Then, and with every other thought banished, how natural would be the growth of goodness, how connecting the influences, how sweet and agreeable the affections. The plants and planets would have no higher order; justice would be one with the law of gravitation; goodness would be simple attraction; truth would be harmony; man would be redeemed. How much has every religion, other than this, involved the human race in misery. It is for the want of such a *whole* thought, that we live so miserably divided and distracted. Our religion is a partial affair, not the wholeness of Nature; our God is set apart to bewilder the imagination and divide the mind; our goodness partakes of the same partial and fragmentary character. Let us, for once, strive to break away from such fractions, get well into the Universe, and feel something of the harmony and connection of the Divine Mind. Then may we hope for such a unity of mankind, and of the elements of mind and feeling, as is a full and real correspondent to the glorious harmony of the heavens above, and of the manifold nature beneath us. W. M. F.

THE bird can not sing its vernacular song in a cage; nor can the lion be himself in a menagerie. So the genius can not utter its native self when cramped in a creed, and conventionalities.

## PRINCIPLES ARE STEDFAST.

AMONG all the mournful instances of change which are of daily occurrence, it is really cheering to be able to look *through* all these divergencies, to the great Centre, which is Truth—and is, emphatically, "the same, yesterday, to-day, and forever." Were it not for this, we should sometimes lose all confidence, and drift away on the tide of life, without chart, or compass, or anchor. Happy is the mind that does not trust its hope, nor bind its faith, to secondary manifestations; but, rejecting all mediate influence in its deep and beautiful faith, lays itself to rest on the bosom of God. Then the errors of men will not shake our confidence in Right—nor the falsehood of men our belief in Truth—nor the selfishness of men our faith in Benevolence—nor the wickedness of men our love of Goodness—nor the folly of men our respect for Wisdom—nor the weakness of men our reliance upon strength. But these false appearances would rather convince us of the reality which lies behind them, as the shadow is a revelation of substance. These seemings are, then, to be received as masks, and forms of disguise, beyond which the eternal principles of Love and Truth, and Right, still exist, and still remain unchanged, however much the forms of their representatives may have shrank away from the full measure of the garments they wear.

Though every object in life manifests but the elements of change—though gold should turn to ashes, silver to dust, and gems to worthless pebbles—though even the North Star should deviate from its true position—yet, looking over the billows of a troubled sea, the eye of Faith may pierce the great Light-fountain; and we shall perceive that the beams are true which shine through that star, and it is only by the medium through which they are manifest that they become distorted,—as a flaw in glass will cause refraction. Then we know that our hope and faith are sure, though the star, itself, should be blotted from the firmament, and only darkness fill its place.

Perhaps this idea of the mobility of all things, was induced by the reflection that I am now, probably for the last time, addressing the readers of the *Univercolum*. It is sad to think so; for all transitions are painful; and for month my spirit has flowed out into that channel so pleasantly—so freely—that the revulsion cannot be otherwise than felt.

The evidences are before you that I have labored to do good, with earnest zeal, both in season and out of season, with such measure of power and will as God and Nature have given me; and if I have not been successful it was my misfortune, and not my fault; for I have literally taken my life in my hand, counting nothing as loss, but a neglect of duty. There are some kind hearts, and true spirits, I know, who will appreciate my efforts—or, at least, my *wish* to serve the cause of Truth. With this sweet assurance, and, moreover, believing that the elements of Right are immutable and eternal, I now bid you a kind and fraternal adieu.

**BUSINESS ITEMS.**—We have just received a list of *twenty-eight* subscribers from an earnest friend who resides at Newport, N. Y. During the past year we have sent but five copies of our paper to Newport. For this generous addition to our circulation, we are chiefly indebted to a single individual. Who will follow the example?

Our friend E. B. of Sandy Spring, is informed that we can supply the back numbers from the beginning.

A. D. WRIGHT, Ceresco, Fon Du Lac co., Wisconsin.—We mailed the Journal on receipt of the order. We now forward another copy.

We can still furnish a few complete sets of the *Univercolum*. Price \$1 per volume in sheets, or \$1.63 to \$1.88 bound. Who will have them?

The "Chart" cannot very well be sent by mail, but may be forwarded in almost any direction by Express.

## A VALUABLE WORK.

As the Second Number of the "Young People's Journal" is about ready for issue, we would again remind our readers of its claims to general attention and patronage. As a family journal nothing can be found to compare with it. Instead of being filled with sickly love-stories, stereotyped from the popular models, to satisfy the morbid cravings of a diseased fancy, every article will have a specific value in itself.

The First Department will contain a systematic course of reading in the Physical Sciences—Physiology, Botany, Geology, Astronomy, and Zoology in all its forms, interspersed with interesting scientific facts and anecdotes. In these, Mechanics, all industrial Operatives, and young People generally, who have not the time necessary for attending school, or the money required to pay teachers, may become respectable scholars, in branches which are only taught in our Academies and high schools; and, at the same time, their studies will be an agreeable recreation, and not an irksome task. If young people, or their guardians, could appreciate the value of such a work, we should have little reason to complain of a want of patronage.

The Literary Department will contain interesting points of History, Biographical Sketches, a Series of Letters on Mythology, Short Orations, and Dramas, Poetry, and various other embellishments. In this department will be found a pleasing variety; and while we seek to clothe our thoughts in the most sprightly and graceful language, we shall avoid the slipshod style, which deforms too much of our modern literature.

The Third Department will contain papers on the Fine and Useful Arts, important Discoveries, and Inventions, rules for Needlework, the details of various Mechanical Operations, and a very large amount of practical information.

Our Journal has already received the most encouraging commendations. We subjoin a few extracts from the papers of the day:

"This Journal has much that pleases us, and we hope there are some young people sensible enough to prefer it to the trashy stories that fill some of the pretty looking pamphlets which litter our sofa-tables. The "Letters from a Hollow Tree" will, we foresee, prove very interesting, and the "History of the Arts" not less so. The "Biography of Banvard" is particularly appropos.

NEW-YORK CHRISTIAN INQUIRER.

"Such a work has long been needed—and this completely fills the space that has, until now, been unoccupied. Its articles are written in a plain, familiar, and attractive style, and are well calculated to beget, and foster, a desire for the acquisition of scientific knowledge, and a literary taste."

WESTERN ARGUS.

"Although professedly for "young people," we think it contains much valuable information for the older portion of the world. It is admirably calculated to command attention from the young, being written in a style altogether pleasing, and when read, the person who reads it is sure to have more knowledge of some useful science, or art, than when he commenced, which is not the case with most monthlies. It deserves success."

AUBURN NATIONAL REFORMER.

"The plan is a comprehensive and good one, and if carried out faithfully, and efficiently, the Young People's Journal, we think, must become greatly useful and popular. The initial number is excellent, and we expect that its successors will be equally so. Prof. Brittan is a popular and successful teacher, deeply interested in the cause of education. Mrs. Green is a noble-hearted woman, a poet of rare excellence, a vigorous prose writer, in various departments of literature, and deserves to succeed in whatever she undertakes."

CHARTER OAK.

"The mechanical execution of the Number before us, is singularly perfect; and the neatness, elegance, and good taste which it exhibits externally, are but a type of the pure and beautiful spirit which illuminates its pages. Upon the whole, we are safe in saying, that *this is a work which has no rivals*, for its character is as unlike that of the popular Magazines, as it is more healthy, elevated, and adapted to the real wants of the times."

PROVIDENCE ADVERTISER.

"As a work for the young this is a most commendable one, and will, doubtless, receive a wide circulation."

PORTLAND TRANSCRIPT.

"We welcome this new and useful journal, and hope that its success may be commensurate with its merits."

WRIGHT'S CASKET.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S JOURNAL.—The popular trash of the day has a tendency to degrade the young, and unfit them for useful reading. If the first number is a fair sample we shall have no fear that the influence of this periodical will be pernicious. The biography of Banvard alone is worth the price of this number, and none can read it without receiving encouragement to press forward through all difficulties. WILLIAMSBURG TIMES.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S JOURNAL.—This is the title of a new monthly magazine differing in many essential features from any work we have ever seen. It has all the attractions of the most popular monthlies, combined with much that must give it a more enduring character and lasting importance.

It is especially calculated to meet the wants of the mechanics and working classes, and we cordially recommend it to their notice as an original, beautiful, and highly valuable work which should be in every family.

LANDMARK.

The Journal has also been pronounced, by several teachers of high respectability and attainments, THE BEST WORK OF THE KIND IN EXISTENCE. They have testified to its fitness as a reading book for schools. This is, indeed, what it aims to be; and it is already introduced into one of the largest schools in the country, and finding its way into others.

Teachers, and persons connected with schools, are solicited to acquaint themselves with the merits of the work; and then they will be disposed, we doubt not, to aid us in its introduction into schools, and school libraries.

Teachers, Post-Masters, Mechanics, Operatives, and whoever else may be moved to do so, are requested to become agents for the work. For five dollars, free of postage, six copies will be forwarded to one address. For a larger number any local agent will receive twenty-five per cent. Specimen numbers will be sent to any one who shall desire it.

WANTED.—Any number of active, intelligent, and enterprising men to travel in all directions as agents for the Young People's Journal, to whom the most liberal terms will be given.

Address S. B. Brittan, No. 235, Broadway, New-York.

THE earth and atmosphere are in proper relations to join each other and produce chemical actions; and the atmosphere is so far perfected as to join to the element of electricity. Therefore this higher circulates through all the lower substances, and sympathizes with, unites, organizes, decomposes, and recomposes, the vegetable, animal, and atmospheric substances, existing upon and near the surface of the earth. And it unites all particles in being from the igneous composition of the interior of the earth to the highest element of the atmosphere.

It is known to chemists that water is only a condensation of the same elements that compose a great part of the atmosphere, and which would in reality be very inflammable but that their combined condition makes them unsusceptible. Thus water is but a lower degree of the atmosphere, and the earth is but a lower condition of the water and atmosphere—and the whole's but the imperfection of that of which electricity is the perfection.

[DAVIS.



## The Physician

# FEVER AND AGUE; ITS CAUSES AND CURE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCOLUM.

BY A. J. DAVIS.

INTERMITTENT FEVER, or fever and ague, illustrates my whole theory concerning the origin and philosophy of human diseases. It will be seen, by what is said respecting these points in the chapters on Cholera and Small Pox, that the temperature of the body is thrown into a positive state by certain electrical conditions of the atmosphere, and into a negative state by others. The Negative condition is cold, and the Positive warm. In other words, the positive state is the *feverish* condition, and the negative state the *chilled* condition. Fever and chills in the atmosphere, therefore, develop and strengthen *fever* and *chills* in the human system. This atmospherical condition can and does exist a long time in some seasons and countries, before the resisting power of the human body is overcome. But the physical structure, like the metnal structure, is ever subject to the influence of surrounding conditions and circumstances; and the power which these conditions and circumstances possess, is not only sufficient finally to overcome the resisting power of the body, but to throw the mind itself out of health, harmony, and due proportions.

Thus it is that the body becomes diseased. Now the *healthy* temperature is precisely half way between a *chill* and a *fever*,—just as between the extremes of joy and sorrow is ever found the holy condition of Happiness and Contentment. Joy is a fever; Sorrow is a chill. The reader may understand these two *spiritual* conditions, as corresponding in every possible particular to the two *physical* conditions. Joy is caused by a positive condition, so is a fever. Sorrow is caused by a negative condition, so is a chill. An excessive *fever* results in physical change and disorganization; so does excessive joy remove the spirit from its physical habitation. An extreme *chill* results in the same; so does extreme sorrow. As between the extremes of the *two* mental conditions we find the state of Happiness and Heaven—even so between the excesses of the two physical conditions do we find Health. Extremes in all things are improper and dangerous, and therefore let us strive to avoid them.

It is plain, therefore, that fever and ague exemplify the whole nature and origin of physical disturbances. The pendulum when suspended in the center, represents the fixed condition of health; and its oscillations to opposite extremes, represent the varying and antagonistic conditions which are embraced in the familiar phenomena of fever and ague. I would have physicians, and patients, and my readers generally, internally convinced that Nature is the only reliable Medical Book, as well as the only reliable Religious Book, in being; and in order to read and associate understandingly with its teachings, we must divest our minds of prejudice and become simple hearted. Thus, and only thus, we may commune with Truth and the Deity.

Thus intellectually conditioned, how easy and natural it is to comprehend what constitutes health, and what is its opposite state or negation. How easy it is to understand that when the physical temperature is thrown out of its healthy state into a Positive state, by peculiar atmospherical, miasmatical, or other conditions, the first natural development of symptoms is a *FEVER*—that, when a reaction takes place, the symptom is a *CHILL*! Now proceed a little farther in this direction, and see if the innumerable varieties of disease have not their foundation and explanation in these opposite states of physical temperature.

The first natural symptom of a disease is a simple general *fever*, *next*—according to local organic weakness and constitutional predisposition—is developed a local or billious fever,—*next* a Lung fever,—*next* a Typhus fever,—*next* a Yellow fever,—*next* a

distinct or indistinct remittant fever,—and *next*, as the ultimatum and concentration of them all, a Typhoid or decomposing fever. At this point, a residence in the natural or in the spiritual world, is a question which is very summarily decided upon by the retreating or advancing symptoms and temperature of the organization. Again, if we follow the opposite of fever to its ultimate point or state of concentration, we shall pass through the natural and progressive gradations of the cold or negative state, until we arrive at the severest form of *CHOLERA*. The *Typhoid* fever is the extreme of a slight fever; and the *Cholera* coldness is the extreme of a slight Ague. The *CHOLERA*, therefore, and *TYPHOID* fever, are in exact antagonism and are a general representation of all the antagonism there is existing in the nature, relations and constitutions of things. The *Typhoid* is the extreme or excessive *Positive* and warm state; and the *Cholera* is the excessive *Negative* and cold state. The Positive state is owing to a superabundance of Atmospherical Magnetism—the Negative state to a superabundance of atmospherical electricity. [See the explanation of the causes of Cholera.]

I think these principles will appear to the reader as simple extracts from the Medical Book of Nature. But I wish the reader to comprehend another simple and universal principle in Nature, because it lies at the foundation of all true knowledge concerning true medical science. That principle is this—The *Negative* of any thing always influences it to a state of *Contraction*, and this *repels*; and the *Positive* of any thing always influences it to a state of *expansion*, and this *attracts*. Learn, therefore, to fix in the memory these three words, for they grow out of, and succeed, one another, as do cause and effect.—viz, *NEGATIVE—CONTRACTION—REPULSION*; and, again,—*POSITIVE—EXPANSION—ATTRACTION*. This principle of action is equally manifest and powerful in the animal and human body, in the Universe of Worlds, in the intercourse of mind with mind, and in the relations of the Divine to more material things. Having, as I think, satisfactorily shown that Fever and Ague furnishes a Key by which may be unlocked the various mysteries of disease, I am prepared to proceed to an investigation of the secondary causes which develop the chills and fever in the various portions of the world.

1. THE CAUSES. Scientific men—and I almost hesitate to write such down as scientific—have extended their researches far into the Philosophy of visible effects and phenomena. But their motives have been generally not to discover facts and principles and reduce them to common sense and universal application, but to gratify a kind of marvelous curiosity—like the boy who explores the cave, because of the romantic and legendary associations which are connected with it. This want of a superior and fraternal motive; this want of an expansive purpose in the minds and movements of modern scientific men—induces me to regard the most of them as merely diversionary experimenters. But sometimes the world is favored with an embodiment of earnest motive, of fraternal love, and of practical science. A Franklin was an exemplification of these—he was himself a science. So with others who have existed, who are existing, and who will exist. Among the various discoveries which have accidentally been made, many of which are no discoveries at all, is to be found this important one—“water is a conductor of electricity.” This is important to the inquirer into the causes, and the sufferer under the disease, of fever and ague, or intermittent fever.

The principal causes of this disease are low marshy lands where accumulate water, and decomposed animal and vegetable matter, and liquid substances. In such localities there is generally a great profusion of damp meadow and swamp plants, and weeds, and grass; also various kinds of inferior animals, such as fish, toads, snakes, lizards, &c, &c, which generate and multiply themselves, and die, and decompose; and all this tends to breed pestilence. The vapors arising from these localities are heavy, watery, and highly attractive to the gross portion of the

electrical element. In some portions of the Chinese Empire, the physicians will at times not allow their patients to work or walk out, owing to the unhealthy effluvia which are exhaled from damp, uncultivated grounds. And although the Chinese physicians know but little of real medical science, they are in some respects, far in advance of modern practitioners, because *they never bleed*, and seldom fail to cure or arrest disease. In Germany, and especially in the Western Countries of the United States, are to be found these unhealthy and miasmatical regions. Many portion of Illinois, Louisiana, Missouri, Ohio, Iowa, Michigan, and Wisconsin, not to speak of Western New-York, are exceedingly productive of fever and ague. Indeed, many places in Vermont, Maine, and New Hampshire, are considerably well qualified to generate fevers and cold, chronic complaints, such as glandular, liver, lung, scrofulous, and rheumatic disturbances. In a word, in any place,—whether in the east, west, north or south, where coldness, dampness, and electricity preponderate over warmth, and sunlight, and magnetism, the disease under consideration will be developed, or some of its more advanced and differently named modifications.

The abounding dampness and electricity,—(which is Negative,) contracts the cuticle glands and the relative membranes, and serous surfaces of the organization, and this *repels* the warmth and fluids which reside and circulate through them in the healthy temperature. The consequence of long continued disturbances of this kind, is a chill, which soon reacts into fever; and thus is established the intermittent complaint. The fever is occasioned by a partial return of the warmth and fluids to their appropriate places on the external surfaces.

2. THE SYMPTOMS. This disease begins, like every other derangement of bodily temperature, with the general aching and disagreeable symptoms accompanying a cold. At first, the patient experiences a pressure and headache; soreness and tenderness of the muscles; a coldness and chilliness throughout the entire system; and an occasional trembling of the muscles which actuate and govern the jaws. This tremulousness or shivering soon spreads wherever chilliness and coldness have opened the way, and these generally pervade the whole body. Now the patient is racked with involuntary shiverings and shakings in every joint and muscle. The fire is powerfully attractive, but its heat seems only to increase the sensations and paroxysms. If the patient is placed in bed, and all the clothes, blankets and quilts, that can be found are thrown upon him, he will continue to shake, and complain of the cold. All efforts to create a bodily heat seem of no avail. But after the individual has suffered from one to four hours in this agonizing, provoking, and sometimes mirth-exciting manner, (for some good natured persons will laugh at their own awkwardness and calamities) the chill ceases. The patient becomes weak, sick, and feverish. Perspiration, and sometimes delirium, is the symptom of an exacerbation; and the patient gradually glides from this unpleasant state into a calm or disturbed slumber. The day and night pass, and on the following morning the system is in a temperature and state of quietness compatible with comparative health. But on the day succeeding this, at precisely or near the hour of the previous attack, the patient will recommence complaining of coldness and aching, and soon will shake and shiver, and go through the same torturing experience which is above described as ushering in, and indicating the progress of the fever and ague.

All the difference there is between intermittent fever and other spasmodic complaints, consists in this: in fever and ague there occurs an incessant succession of spasmodic motions during the whole paroxysm; while in other affections these motions are more concentrated and conspicuous: but in every spasmodic disease, the same muscles are affected in the same manner, and by the same primary causes, differing from chills and fever only in degrees of violence and frequency, according to which difference they have been branded with a Greek or Latin name by the medical profession.

If an individual has once have had chills and fever, he is liable to a repetition or the recurrence of the disease at any time,—especially when a heavy cold is taken or the temperature is changed. The disease is simple, however, and its cure is correspondingly easy and natural.

3. THE REGIMEN. To the intelligent reader it will appear self-evident that to take gross and heavy nourishment while the system, especially the internal organs and actuating muscles, are laboring with warmth and fluids, and materials, which have been *repelled* from the surfaces, is doing injustice to, and injuring, the digestive processes. Therefore, avoid coarse food; viz, swine's flesh, imperfectly boiled potatoes, rice and other vegetables. Coffee, or tea, or chocolate, when very strong and very hot, are injurious. It is not the tea, nor the coffee, that is injurious to the constitution, but it is their strength, their too great heat, and their excessive use. Cold coffee is a pleasant and highly valuable tonic. Tea is not very injurious, and weak Cocoa and Chocolate are both important beverages in some lingering and nervous complaints.

In some portions of the western United States the people, though enterprising and laborious, are not judicious in the selection and preparation of their food, nor in the treatment of their constitutions. In almost every place in the western states I find the people in the constant habit of eating *very hot* bread and cakes; and when they return to their homes, after having ploughed all day in the cold ground, (which in Missouri and Illinois, is the chief cause of regular and irregular attacks of chills and fever,) they sit by a blazing fire and become excessively warm. This is wrong, because it changes the physical temperature too rapidly, and increases the susceptibility to colds. It must be remembered that those frequent and unnatural changes in the bodily temperature are the fertile causes of *Daily* and *hourly* Agues which some individuals have, owing to their being in an extraordinary degree susceptible to the influence of the lands and climate to which they are perhaps quite unaccustomed, soon after entering, and all the while they remain in, the Western country. The patient will remember to avoid so far as circumstances will permit, the excessive use of warm or hot cakes, and the too sudden and unnatural transition from the damp grounds and cold atmosphere without, to the dry floor, and hot atmosphere within, the cabin or more comfortable residence.

4. THE CURE. The fever and ague will not *entirely* cease to exist until its *causes* are banished from the earth—but the mission and duty of medical science are to protect and assist those who are, by civilizing and fertilizing the lands and countries of the world, accomplishing this important and glorious end. It is highly desirable that the rough places should be made smooth, the crooked straight, and that the wilderness, or in other words, the western lands and territories of the United States, —and the now uncultivated regions in other parts of the world, should be made to blossom like the rose; and to this end I direct my medical energies. To assist and protect, therefore, the subjects of this disease, is my present intention.

From what has been said it is plain that the *chill* is the germ and parent of that *extreme* negative state termed Cholera; and that a similar but simpler treatment is alone required. Therefore, to cure the fever and ague, I would give the following prescription, which must be kept in readiness: Good brandy, two quarts; gum of camphor, one table spoonful; pulverized ginger root or mustard seed, two table spoonful; these ingredients must tincture in the brandy three or four days, and the preparation should be shaken several times. When the chill is coming on, heat about half the quantity quite above the temperature of the hand. Saturate flannel, or other woollen cloths, with it, and place them on the stomach, and bowels, and feet. Now give the patient a tea spoon *half* full of the liquid, and repeat and increase the portion every two or three minutes, if it seems to agree with the stomach, until fifteen or twenty doses are admin-



istered. Continue to change and re-saturate the flannel cloths in the hot liquid, until the chill is broken. I have known five applications of this preparation to cure cases of periodical fever and ague of eight years standing.

But some individuals require different treatment; and for such I recommend the following syrups: Prickly ash, bayberry, and peach tree barks, of each eight ounces; elecampane, comfrey, and black snake roots, of each four ounces; blood-root, and rhubarb root, of each one ounce; carbonate of iron, one ounce; pound the roots and bark into small pieces, and put them into an iron vessel with three gallons of water, and one gallon of molasses; boil the whole gradually down to about six quarts, and strain it immediately. When it is quite cold, add one quart of good brandy, and the preparation is complete. Keep it in a jug or some other tight vessel, far removed from any heat. Dose: One wine glass half full every morning and night. If the stomach will permit it, increase in one week to a wine glass full, and continue until the whole is gone.

It may be necessary, in some confirmed cases, to combine the latter preparations and treatment, according to the directions. And not until the primary causes of the disease are removed will some individuals be emancipated from its agonizing symptoms and consequences. It may be judicious and expedient, therefore, for such patients to change their residences,—generally to seek a more permanently warm and magnetic climate.

### Miscellaneous Department.

#### LUNA'S CONFESSION.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELM,  
BY LIZZIE.

THE EVENING WAS calm and serenely bright. No clouds, save one, dimmed the glory and beauty of the heavens,—that one dark cloud hung lowering over the fair scene, as if frowning on the beauty it could not overshadow. Our favorite orb, Luna, wore a calm but, as we thought, sad smile, and as we looked anxiously for indications of an unusual sorrow, we were sure a tear-drop glistened mournfully in her sweet thoughtful eye. Just then, and while we were wondering at this new phase in our beloved Luna, she stretched forth her hand and drew that ominous looking cloud over her face as if to screen herself from the gaze of idle curiosity.

We could keep silence no longer, but addressed her with, "What great sorrow, O Luna, causeth thee to robe thyself in that dark veil? Hast thou a faithless lover, a harsh and cruel father, or weepest thou in thy compassion over the sorrows of some poor mortal?" Slowly she removed the veil from her pale, sweet face, and low and sad were the tones in which she replied,

"I have been grieved, oh mortal, at the waywardness and fickle purposes of man. Years since," she continued, "as I in my passage noted objects on your earth, I marked with pleasure a rosy, smiling boy, whose heart seemed bursting with warm and generous impulses, and whose future promised to teem with all things pure and beautiful. With ever increasing delight I watched the growth of the boy Hermann, and fondly believed my dream of manly perfection, truth and nobility, was to be realized. And for a long time the youth did deport him well. He was guided by the precepts of his father, and paid good heed to the counsel of his mother. Not purer than his heart were the flowers he tended, and the thoughts to which he gave utterance were sweet and innocent as the breath of morning. Love mingled with the dreams of the youth, and my hopes grew brighter still; for the maiden whose heart he had won was pure and beautiful as the lily of the valley. But alas! Ambition came, and her perverse whisperings led the heart of the youth

astray. She pointed to the gentle Ella, his destined bride, and asked if she was not worthy of other than a cottage home; and when he lent a willing ear to her teachings bade him seek the crowded city and win gold and fame for a bridal offering. The youth, forgetting that the priceless jewel, affection, would be a far more acceptable gift, obeyed her promptings. With this unholy passion kindled in his heart, and away from the gentle influences of his pure home, he entered eagerly into the inglorious struggle for Wealth, neither was Fame forgotten. Both were won through the same channel. He held the ready pen of a genius, and its sparkling productions won him golden opinions. Bright gems of thought and feeling sparkled amid drossy emanations, showing that occasionally sordid motives were forgotten, and his former self gained the ascendancy; but alas! that these were so often overshadowed with the rank growth of foul weeds that sprung up so plentifully around them! With increasing wealth came leisure, and then followed gayety and dissipation, and finally youth, beauty and innocence were trampled on and destroyed. The warm affections of pure young hearts were won, worn awhile, and then cast aside as utterly worthless. And this night, while he, than whom the meanest wretch in yon crowded city is not more debased, is courted and flattered by the fashionable and the gay, one of his frail victims,—because, forsooth, of the virtuous indignation of this same class,—makes a death-pillow of the cold, cold earth. Alas! for the consistency of human society!"

Thus saying, Luna wiped another glistening tear-drop from her eye. "But what of Ella, dear Luna; surely she disappointed not thy fair hopes?"

A smile radiant as that which lights the face of creation when first she greets the morning sun, brightened her countenance as she replied, "In her, indeed, I found a fountain of truth and purity which swept away much of the bitterness of my sorrow. For a time she was pale and sad, and mourned much the absence of Hermann; but at length, news of his impure habits reached her ear, and then she roused herself, and struggled heroically in the fearful combat between Love and Duty. It was a fearful trial, and long did her woman's heart rebel: but its purity conquered at last, and when her once idolized lover sought her side, and would fain have transplanted her to his gorgeous home, she spurned from her the unfeeling libertine who had wantonly trampled beneath his feet hearts once pure and joyous as her own."

We mused long and somewhat sadly on Luna's mournful tale, and regretted that the truthfulness of the picture forced us to acknowledge the justice of her reflections on the inconsistency of human society. We would that our own sex, at least, might look after their acts, and not remain open to her future animadversions. Strange that hearts formed for love and gentleness should treat with stern cruelty the unfortunate victim of perfidy, and smile on him who wrought the ruin. There is no sight so melancholy as that of the deceived and broken hearted victim of man's infidelity. No being so utterly bereft of sympathy and kindly treatment as she of the crushed heart and tearful eye, who dares not raise her head in the presence of her sister mortals, through fear of forbidding frowns, and harsh, rebuking words. God help her, and speedily remove the necessity for the anxious question, "How long shall these things be?"

#### TIME FOR STUDY.

BONAPARTE, with Europe at his disposal, with kings at his antechamber begging for vacant thrones, and at the heads of thousands of men whose destinies were suspended on his arbitrary pleasure, had time to study books. And young men who are confined to labor or business during the hours of the day, may take an hour and a half of what is left for study, and which will amount to two months in a year.

## A LEGEND OF THE APOSTLE JOHN.

Suggested by a well known Anecdote in the History of Eusebius.

BY LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

MORNING rose bright and clear on Ephesus, that beautiful city of the Ancients, which Pliny calls the Light of Asia. From the jutting points of lofty rocks on the mountain sides rose the massive and majestic pillars of Doric temples, embowered in verdant foliage, while the lighter and more elegant Ionian shaft shot up from the plain below, like graceful architectural flowers. Brilliant sunbeams streamed tremulously through the porticoes, and reflected themselves in golden gleams on a forest of marble columns. The airy summits of the mountains smiled in serene glory beneath the lucid firmament. Troops of graceful swans and beautiful white sea-doves floated on the sparkling waters of the Cayster, running joyfully into the bright bosom of the Ægean. Maidens bearing Etruscan vases on their heads, went and came from the fountains, gliding majestically erect among the crowd of merchants, or the long processions of priests and worshippers. Here and there, a Roman soldier rode through the busy streets, his steel trappings and glittering harness shining in the distance like points of fire.

Strong and deep rolled the sonorous chant of bass voices from a Jewish synagogue, mingled with the sound of sackbut and harp. From the magnificent temple of Diana came up a plaintive strain, a modulated murmur, as of distant waves rippling to music; slowly swelling, slowly falling away, floating off in sweet echoes among the hills. There was a farewell sadness in this choral hymn, as of a religion passing away in its calm intellectual beauty, conscious that it had no adequate voice for the yearnings and aspirations of the human heart.

And then, as ever, when the want of a more spiritual faith began to be widely felt, it was already in existence. From the solemn shadows of Judaism, the mild form of Christianity had risen, and the Grecian mind was already preparing to encircle it with the mystic halo of a golden Platonism.

In the court of an artificer of Ephesus, there met that day an assembly of converts to the new and despised faith. Under the shadow of an awning, made by Paul the tent-maker, they talked together of Jesus, the holiness of his example, and the wide significance of his doctrines. It was a season of peculiar interest to the infant Church; for John, the disciple whom Jesus especially loved, had just returned from banishment. He was a man of ninety years, with hair and beard of silvery whiteness. His serious countenance beamed with resignation and love; but his high forehead, earnest eye, and energetic motions, showed plainly enough that his was not the serenity of a languid and quiet temperament. Through conflict he had attained humility and peace. His voice told the same story; for it was strong, deep, and restrained, though sweetly toned, and full of musical inflections. His once erect figure was slightly bent; the effect of digging in the mines of Patmos. Many eyes were moistened with tears, as they gazed on his beloved and venerated countenance; for it brought sad memories of the hardships he had endured by the cruel orders of Domitian. He made no allusion to privations or sufferings, but spoke only of the heavenly visions, and the indwelling glory, that had been with him in the Isle of Patmos; how in the darkest mines the heavens opened, and in the narrowest prisons angels came and moved the stone walls afar off, so that he saw them not; and this he urged as proof how little power man has over a spirit at peace with God.

Of those who hung upon his words, the emotions of two were especially visible. One was a young maiden, who sat on a divan at his feet, and leaning on one arm gazed upwards in his face. She was closely veiled, but the outlines of her figure, imperfectly revealed through the ample folds of her rich dress, gave indication of personal grace. As she bent earnestly forward her drapery had fallen back, and showed an arm of exquisite pro-

portions, its clear soft olive tint beautifully contrasted by a broad bracelet of gold. She reclined partially on the shoulder of her old nurse, who was seated behind her on the same divan. Both ran great risk in visiting that Christian assembly; for Miriam's father was the wealthiest Jew in Ephesus; his was the highest place in the synagogue, and few of her thousand merchants could count so many ships. Narrow and bigoted in his own adherence to forms and traditions, he was the last man on earth to permit a woman to question them. But the earnest and truthful soul of his daughter early felt how little life there was in his solemn observances. Her nurse, a Galilean by birth, had told marvellous stories of the holy Nazarene, who had cured her father of blindness. With strict injunctions of secrecy, she lent her a copy of St. John's Gospel; and in this the young enthusiastic girl at once recognised the deeper and more spiritual teachings for which her soul had yearned. And so it came that the daughter of a wealthy house in Ephesus sat at the feet of the apostle in the despised assembly of the Christians.

The other person who seemed most remarkably moved by the inspired eloquence of John, was a young Greek of superb beauty. His form was vigorous and finely proportioned. The carriage of his head was free and proud, and there was intense light in his large eyes, indicating a soul of fire. Indeed his whole countenance was remarkable for transparency and mobility of expression. When indignant at tyranny or insult, he looked like a young war horse rushing to battle; but at the voice of tenderness, the dilated nostril subsided, and the flashing eye was dimmed with tears.

This constant revelation of soul particularly attracted the attention of the venerable apostle; for he saw in it a nature liable to the greatest dangers, and capable of the highest good. After he had dismissed the assembly, with his usual paternal benediction, "Little children, love one another," he stepped forward, and laying his hand affectionately on the head of the young Greek, said, "And thou, my son, art thou too a Christian?" With emphasis full of feeling the young man replied, "I would I were a Christian." Pleased with the earnest humility of this answer, the apostle drew his arm within his own, and they retired to an inner apartment to converse together. During this confidential conversation, the man made a full revelation of his soul, in all his strength and weakness. At times, his daring and fiery words startled the more subdued nature of the meek disciple; but at the same moment the crystalline frankness of his heart excited the warmest and most confiding affection. From that time, it was observable that the apostle treated him with more marked tenderness than he evinced toward any other of his converts. A few months after, feeling that duty required him to take a long journey to comfort and strengthen the surrounding churches of Asia, he called his flock together, and bade them an affectionate farewell. At parting, he placed the hand of the young Greek within the hand of the presiding elder, and said solemnly, "To thy care I consign my precious, my beloved son, Antiorus. In the Epicurean gardens he has learned that pleasure is the only good; from Christians let him learn that good is the only pleasure. Be to him a father; for at my return I shall require his soul at thy hands." The bishop promised, and the young man wept as he kissed his venerable friend.

The apostle was gathering his robe about him, and fastening his girdle, preparing to walk forth, when Miriam glided timidly before him, saying in a tremulous tone, "My father, bless me before you go." She removed her veil, and stooped to kiss his hand. The veil dropped again instantly, but the sudden action had revealed to Antiorus a countenance of surpassing beauty. He had no time to analyze the features; but he saw that her contour was noble, and that her large, almond-shaped eyes, of the darkest brown, were singularly brilliant, yet deep and serene in their expression. The tones of her voice, too, thrilled through his soul; for they were like a silver bell, softening language into music. For an instant she caught the beaming glance



of his eye, and an electric spark fell from it into her heart. Henceforth, each observed the other's motions, and each was indistinctly conscious of pervading the other's being. The customs of the times, combined with her maidenly reserve, rendered it difficult to form a personal acquaintance. But Antiorus had a Greek friend, whose dwelling adjoined the gardens of Miriam's father; and the house of this friend became singularly attractive to him. Here he could sometimes catch the sound of her voice, accompanied by her harp, as she sung to her father the psalms of David. At last, he ventured to speak to her as they left the assembly of the Christians. He timidly asked her if she would play, on the next Sabbath evening, the same psalm he had heard on the preceding Sabbath. She started, and made no answer. The crimson suffusion of her face he could not see. But when the Sabbath came, softly on the evening air arose his favorite psalm, with a deeper expression, a more sweet solemnity than ever. While the strings yet vibrated, his Phrygian flute gently answered, in a simple Grecian air, the utterance of a soul tender and sad. Tear-drops fell slowly on the strings of Miriam's harp; but she alone knew that the spirit of the beautiful Greek had thus entered invisibly into the sanctuary of the Jewish maiden. How dear was now her harp, since his soul had kissed the winged messengers it sent from hers! Again and again harp and flute responded to each other. Their young hearts were overflowing with new and heavenly emotions, which music alone could utter. For music is among the arts what love is among the passions; a divine mediator between spirit and matter; a flowery spiral, descending from the highest sanctuary of the soul into the inner court of the senses, returning again from the senses to the soul, twining them together in perpetual bloom and fragrance.

But music has the vagueness of all things infinite; and they who talked together in tones earnestly desired to speak in words. At the Christian assemblies too strict decorum was observed, to admit of conversation between them. Into her father's house he could not gain entrance; or if he did, she would be carefully secluded from the face of a Gentile. And so at last, by help of the over-indulgent nurse, there came meetings in the garden, while the household slept. Under the dim light of the stars, they talked of the new faith, which had brought them together. He loved to disclose to her mind the moonlight glory of Plato, showing a world of marvelous beauty in shadowy outline, but fully revealing nothing. While she, in soft serious tones, spoke of the Hebrew prophets, complaining that they seemed like an infinite glow, forever expressing a want they never satisfied. Beautiful and majestic was their utterance, but it was not high and deep enough to satisfy the aspirations of her soul; therefore she clung to the sublime all-embracing doctrines of Christ. From these high themes, they came gradually to speak of their affection for each other. There was no desecration in this mingling of emotions; for genuine love is as holy as religion; and all round the circling horizon of our mysterious being, heaven and earth do kiss each other.

One night, their stolen interview in the garden was interrupted by a noise on the house-top; and fearing they were suspected or observed, they resolved to be more prudent. Weeks passed, therefore, and they saw each other only at the meetings of the Christians, rendered doubly precious by the obstacles which elsewhere separated them. There was another reason why they thought more of each other's presence than they would have done had the good apostle John been with them. As a deep rich musical voice will sometimes join itself to a company of timid and wavering singers, and gradually raise the whole chorus to its own power and clearness, so the influence of his holy and living soul elevated the character of every assembly he joined. With him, something of unction and fervor had departed from the Christian meetings, and still more of calm, assured faith. More fear of the world was visible, more anxiety to build up a

respectable name. The lovers felt this, though they had not distinctly defined it; and being less elevated by the religious services, their thoughts were more consciously occupied with each other. But their mutual absorption passed unobserved; for Miriam was always closely veiled, and if she dropped a rose, or Antiorus a sprig of myrtle, it seemed mere accident to all but the watchful and sympathizing nurse. These silent manifestations of course made the concealed flame burn all the more fervently. Perpetual separation was so wearisome, that at last Miriam, in the plenitude of her love and confidence, granted his urgent entreaty to walk with him once, only once, in disguise, when all were sleeping. He had a proposition to make, he said, and he *must* have an opportunity to talk freely with her. In the garb of Greek peasants they joined each other, and passing through the least frequented streets, sought the mountains by a solitary path. In a concealed nook of rock, under the shadow of broad-leaved trees, they spoke together in agitation and tears. Love is ever a troubled joy; a semi-tone changes its brightest strains into plaintive modulations. Miriam wept, as she told her beloved that they must part forever. She had come only to tell him so, and bid him farewell. As yet she had not courage to confess that she was promised to a wealthy kinsman, a stern old Pharisee; but her father had told her that day, that immediate preparations must be made for the wedding. The enamored Greek spoke with fiery indignation, that her father should dare thus to seal up the treasures of her large warm gushing heart, for the sake of preserving wealth in the family. To her timid suggestion that obedience was due to parents, he insisted upon a higher obedience to the divine law in the soul. In such a union as she spoke of, he said there was positive pollution, which no law or custom could cleanse; for the heart alone could sanctify the senses. The maiden bent her head and felt her cheeks burning; for she was conscious of a painful sense of degradation whenever the odious marriage was forced upon her thoughts. He took her hand, and it trembled within his, while he spoke to her of flight, of secret marriage, and a hidden home of love in some far-off Grecian isle. He drew her gently toward him, and for the first time her lovely head rested on his bosom. As she looked up fondly and tearfully in his face, he stooped to kiss her beautiful lips, which trembling gave an almost imperceptible pressure in return. Faint and timid as was this first maiden kiss, it rushed through his system like a stream of fire. The earthly portion of love proclaimed ascendancy over the soul, and tried him with a fierce temptation. She loved him, and they were alone in the midnight. Should he ever be able to marry her? Might not this stolen and troubled interview be, as she said, the last? He breathed with difficulty, his whole frame shook like a tree in the storm; but she lay on his bosom, as ignorant of the struggle, as if she had been a sleeping babe. Rebuked by her unconscious innocence, he said inwardly to the tempting spirit, "Get thee behind me! Why strivest thou to lead me into evil?" But the spirit answered, "The sin is wholly of man's making. These Christians are too ascetic. The Epicurean philosophy better agrees with nature."

The scene seemed to have entered into a league with the tempting spirit. Nothing interrupted the drowsy moon-stillness save the pattering of a little rill that trickled from the rocks, the amorous cooing of two ring-doves awake in their nests among the shrubbery above, and the flute of some distant lover conversing passionately with the moon. The maiden herself, saddened by a presentiment that this bliss was too perfect to last, and melted into unusual tenderness by the silent beauty of the night, and the presence of the beloved one, folded her arm more caressingly about his waist, till he felt the beating of her heart. With frantic energy, he pressed his hand against his throbbing brow, and gazed earnestly into the clear arch of heaven, as if imploring strength to aid his higher nature.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

## THE UNIVERCÆLUM

AND

## SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

It is impossible to disguise the fact that many of the most enlightened men are beginning to test and interpret all external objects and appearances, by certain great internal and spiritual laws, simultaneous revelations of which are occurring in various parts of the civilized world. And along with this we perceive a disposition, every where, to question *all things*, and to judge of their relative importance by the product of their *actual results*, as these may affect the general interests of Society, or regard the universal wants of MAN.

Many advanced minds are no longer satisfied with the old corporeal mytheism and mysticism of the Past; they are rejecting the lifeless formulæ of ceremonials and rituals, and seeking for some intrinsic principle of Truth, and embodiment of Goodness, which shall fully satisfy the prophetic aspirations of all past ages, and realize the ideal of all living and God-like men.

It will be perceived that among the distinguishing features of the age is the development of

## A NEW PHILOSOPHY,

based on the interior principles of things, rather than mere external forms and visible manifestations. This Philosophy unfolds the World within, and thus serves as an exponent of spiritual phenomena which have hitherto been inexplicable, although they occur within the sphere of ordinary human observation. The pure and beautiful principles of this Divine Philosophy are now spreading with electric light and power, from soul to soul, like the heralds of a new and higher civilization, and no barriers can arrest their progress, save those which define the boundaries of Reason and Intelligence. One inevitable consequence of the dissemination of these principles will be

## THE TOTAL ANNIHILATION OF ALL MATERIALISM.

Through the medium of this Philosophy we look through the forms of things and discern their essences. It establishes the truth that the reality of all Being is invisible to the outward sense, and proves, by a process of reasoning that admits of no appeal, that SPIRIT is the origin and end of all things. Wherever it is received

## IT DESTROYS ALL SKEPTICISM AND INFIDELITY.

Its mission is to trace visible things to their invisible causes; to show that all material forms are the ever changing expressions of spiritual realities; that all things, whether in the world of matter or mind, rest on a purely natural basis, and that the most wonderful developments of the material and spiritual creation, admit of a rational explanation. It accounts for the inspiration, and the revelations made to the divinely gifted Seers of the Past, and exhibits the rationale of the spiritual phenomena in which the human mind is mysteriously and almost daily impressed, either in a sleeping or in a highly illuminated waking state, with the images of great truths and the shadows of coming events. Those who have hitherto regarded man only as an ingenious and wonderful machine, and life itself as a kind of phantasm, have been enabled to perceive, by the radiations of the Inner Light, the evidence of the spiritual nature and immortality of man; and thus thousands have come to anchor their hopes on a foundation broad as the Universe, and illimitable as the ever-growing aspirations of the soul.

## PROPOSALS FOR A NEW VOLUME.

It will be perceived that our paper differs in some of its essential features from any publication in this country, or the world. And although its circulation is, as yet, comparatively small, we believe it is destined to be the medium through which the great ideas of the Nineteenth Century will find its utterance.

The first year of the publication of the Univercælum is now drawing to a close. It has performed one revolution, and we may be allowed to say, has shed a new light in the firmament of Mind, attracting the attention of thousands, and awakening an interest, which perhaps no other periodical, in this country, has ever done.

THE UNIVERCÆLUM will continue to be a bold inquirer into all truths pertaining to the relations of mankind to each other, to the external world, and to the Deity; a fearless advocate of the theology of Nature, irrespective of the sectarian dogmas of men; and its Editors design that it shall, in a charitable and philosophic, yet firm and unflinching spirit, expose and denounce wrong and oppression wherever found, and inculcate a thorough Reform and reorganization of society on the basis of NATURAL LAW.

In its PHILOSOPHICAL DEPARTMENTS, among many other themes which are treated, particular attention will be bestowed upon the general subject of PSYCHOLOGY, or the science of the human Soul; and interesting phenomena that may come under the heads of dreaming, somnambulism, trances, prophesy, clairvoyance, &c., will from time to time be detailed, and their relations and bearings exhibited.

In the EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT, a wide range of subjects will be discussed, the establishment of a universal System of Truth, the Reform and reorganization of society, being the ultimate object contemplated.

Now that we are about to enter on another year, a few familiar words with our friends seem to be necessary. We desire our readers, everywhere, to understand that

## THE UNIVERCÆLUM WILL BE CONTINUED.

Some persons have hesitated to subscribe, or to solicit subscriptions, from an apprehension that the paper would be discontinued. There have been so many ephemeral publications, the offspring of some vagrant impulse, which, without vitality in themselves, have been galvanized into being by external agencies, only to disappoint the hopes of friends and to deceive the public, that we could only expect to gain the general confidence by slow degrees, and unwearied effort. But the regular publication of the paper through the first year, will, we trust, inspire the doubting with confidence in its success, and that all our friends will, at this crisis, exert themselves in its behalf. This is absolutely required; for while a few devoted friends have generously resolved to continue its publication until it is firmly established, it should be borne in mind, that the *ordinary receipts, from Subscribers, are inadequate to its support*, and we now ask that one united and vigorous effort be made to place it on a broad and permanent basis.

Hereafter, we propose to render the Univercælum, if possible, more attractive and valuable than it has been in the past. A. J. DAVIS, whose psychological disclosures have done so much for the cause of Spiritual Science, will continue to make it the vehicle of his highest intuitions. We shall enrich its columns with the regular contributions of the best minds within our sphere; and it will, moreover, be elegant in its Mechanical execution, and pure and brilliant in its Literary character, as it is profound and spiritual in its philosophy.

In order to fully accomplish our purpose, we must have a PATRONAGE commensurate with the expenses we incur—and with the good we desire to achieve. We must *double our circulation*. This can and will be done—and if the friends everywhere so order—IT WILL BE DONE NOW.

THE "UNIVERCÆLUM AND SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER," is edited and published by an Association; and is issued every Saturday, at 235 Broadway, New-York; being neatly printed on a super-royal sheet folded into sixteen pages. Price of subscription \$2, payable in all cases in advance. For a remittance of \$10, six copies will be forwarded. Address, post paid, "UNIVERCÆLUM," No. 235, Broadway, New York.